

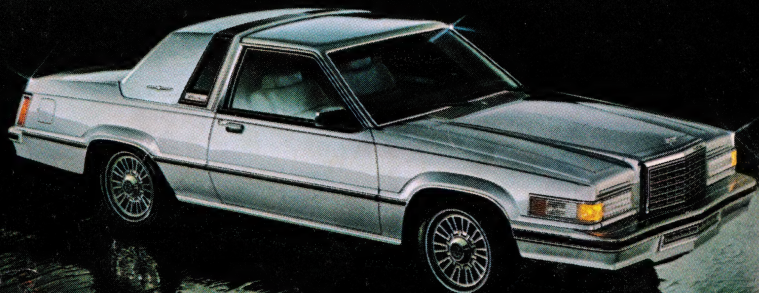
FORD TIMES

AUGUST 1980



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FORD TIMES

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August 1980, Vol. 73, No. 8

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Cover: Richard Conniff recounts his experiences in learning to sail and the affection he still feels for his first sailboat. The story begins on page 48. Illustration by Miles Batt.



Adventure on the Snake River

It took 60 years and an inner tube
for the author to accept the challenge
of the swirling waters

by Joyce Hagelthorn

illustrations by Douglas Snow

I HAD FORGOTTEN the rugged beauty of Idaho. Now, standing at the window of my sister's home on a hill overlooking the Snake River, I breathed in the sunny, clear blue skies, the rugged, sagebrush-covered hills, and the winding Snake River . . . that treacherous river with its deadly currents which I had been warned as a child to stay clear of.

There was something on the water! I strained for a closer look and then I called to anyone who could hear me.

"Someone is in trouble on the river," I shouted, and my shouts were rewarded by the sudden appearance of my brother-in-law.

He laughed.

"They aren't in trouble," he said. "It's a bunch of kids inner-tubing on the river!"

"Inner-tubing on Snake River?" I asked incredulously.

"Yep," he answered. "They do it all the time."

"I thought the inner-tubing craze was on the Boise River," I said, thinking of the placid Boise winding its way through valleys and farmland at a slow, easy pace.

"Oh it is," he answered. "But a few years ago the kids decided to try it out on the Snake."

"But isn't it dangerous?"

"It's pretty safe around here. Remember this is where the wagon-trains used to cross." He pointed to a rock jutting out a bit from the shore. "You want to go?"

"Go where?"

"Inner-tubing."

Inner-tubing on the Snake. Fifty-three years ago the swirling waters beneath the bridge had fascinated me. Now, leaning against the window, I gazed down and only glittery little waves greeted me, and the grinning faces of the young ensconced on their inner tubes.

As a little girl of 7 walking to

school I had to cross over the Snake River bridge. With heart pounding and palms clammy I used to lean over the railing and gaze down into the swirling waters. My little sister would tug at me.

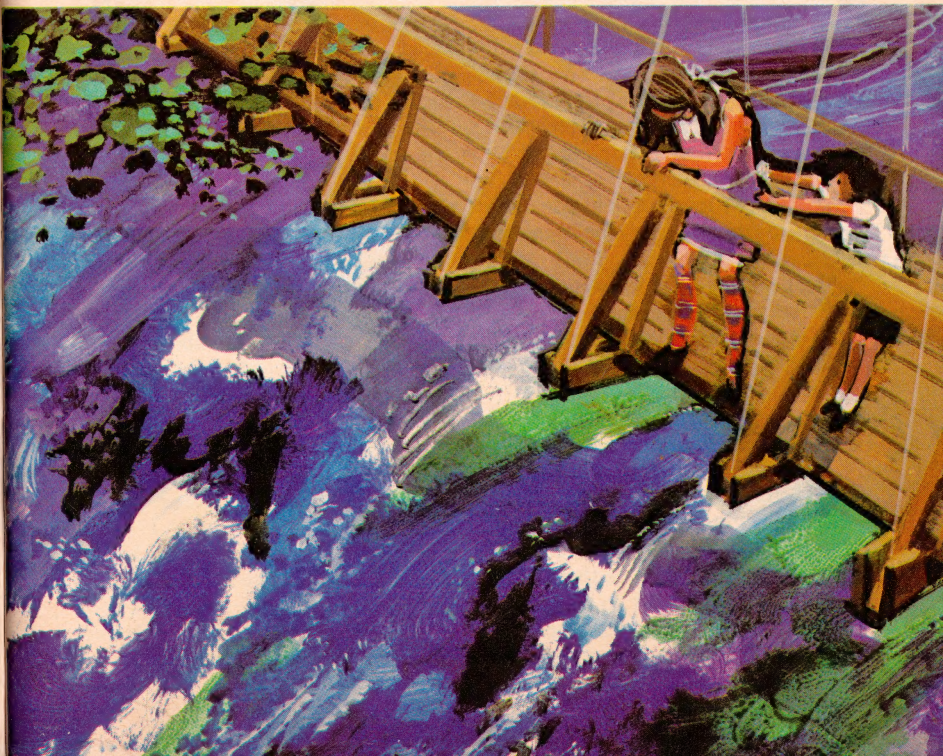
"What if the railing breaks," she would cry, but even with that fear-some chance the dark, swirling waters held a terrible fascination for me.

"Don't swim in the Snake," my father used to say as a group of us would tumble into the smallest car available to search the arid land for a swimming hole.

Old-timers used to sit around and spin yarns of the treachery of the Snake.

"He didna have a chance," the old-timer would drawl in that distinctive Idaho way. "He just went in there after that there horse, and the horse backed away and one of them ugly currents caught at his legs and he went under and was never seen again. That ornery critter of a horse got out on the other side, though."

It was the winter when I was 7 that, with my parents, I attended a revival meeting held in the tiny



schoolhouse just a few miles down the road from my home. The young revivalist was a fiery preacher and he filled my heart with longing. When the pianist played the hymn *Just As I Am* and the preacher's healthy young baritone rang out in that tiny room, my heart leaped into my throat, and I rushed to the altar, along with the farmers and their wives who were pledging their lives to God.

Naturally I had to be baptized, and there was nowhere to be baptized but the Snake River . . . and it was in the dead of winter. I pleaded with my parents to allow me to join the others.

At last they agreed.

The Sunday of the baptism dawned clear and cold. The snow reached to my knees and my mother bundled me in long underwear and heavy sweaters and a coat, topped by a thick dark muffler.

The men of the church had to chop a hole in the ice and the minister waded in.

"Hallelujah!" he shouted and raised his arms to heaven.

"Amen," cried the folk on the bank, stomping their feet in the snow to keep them warm.

One by one the converted were led down the snowy incline and into the icy waters where the minister prayed over them and then doused them backward into the water. One by one they emerged shouting "Hallelujah" and shivering in ecstasy as they clambered back up the bank to be met by the faithful who wrapped them in warm blankets. And then it was my

turn. My mother slowly unwrapped the muffler and began to peel off the coat and sweaters. Her fingers were slow and I jumped up and down in excitement . . . and cold. Finally she came to the last sweater and as she began to unbutton it she took a look at the icy waters and the shouting, blue-



faced converts. Pressing her lips together she rebuttoned my sweater, threw on my coat and said,

"God can wait another year."

The icy waters of the Snake seemed unperturbed.

Now, 53 years later, I stood at the window of my sister's magnificent home and gazed down at the coiling river, glinting and gleaming in the bright sunlight.

"Why not?" I shouted. At last I was going to have the chance of being embraced by the swirling waters of the treacherous Snake. With my sisters and friends and armed with hefty inner tubes, we drove to the launching point. Tumbling from our cars we giggled and laughed and I was young again with the excitement of adventure engulfing me.

"Watch out for the snakes," someone called, and a little bit of the excitement ebbed as I visualized snakes crawling over my sneakers. I almost climbed back into the car, but the rest of the crowd was surging through the tall grass, and down the steep incline and if I didn't go now I might never again have the chance to embrace the irresistible Snake River.

Clenching my teeth I grabbed my inner tube and took the first step down the incline, but Fate had decreed I would not do it with dignity. Down I went and slid along over jagged rocks and stinging grass, the inner tube bouncing along beside me, until at last I reached the tall, water-soaked weeds that assured me I was at last in the waters of the Snake. Get-



ting onto the inner tube was another thing. Over and over I lifted my leg to crawl up and over, only to have the tube slide out from under me and leave me like a stork on the side of the shore. My humiliation was somewhat vindicated when my glamorous sister, who had so carefully wrapped her hair, tilted too far back and took a watery plunge into the tangled weeds.

I finally gave up and shoved the tube out into the deeper water where I clung to its side and let my body float out behind me. The treacherous Snake felt cool and soothing and tiny fish darted in and out of the waves, looking curiously at the lump of blubber invading their domain.

Into a current we floated, and around and around we spun, until at last the current tired of us and flung us out toward the farther shore. From side to side of the Snake we floated, sometimes frighteningly fast, and sometimes slowly as though we had all of eternity to reach our destination.

After two hours, my sister called out that we should begin paddling to direct the tubes toward the landing



dock. The landing dock was a spot between dense foliage that jutted out into the river. As I kicked my feet and made swimming motions with my arms a current caught me and whirled me away toward a tiny rapids sprinkled with jutting, shining rocks. My heart leaped into my throat and for a moment I was afraid, but the river was only giving me an exciting climax to my adventure, for it soon bounced me back toward my companions, who were easily paddling to shore. My toes felt the tickle of weeds and I knew I was in shallow water. I picked up my inner tube and carried it up through the dense foliage. The waters of the

Snake dripped from me and the fish made a few extravagant leaps as if to say goodbye.

I stood and looked out over the river. Where was its treachery? Perhaps it had been misjudged for those many, many years. Surely there had been no treachery today . . . just a bit of mischievous fun.

But did that little girl looking down over the railing of the bridge; did that little girl standing on the icy shores as shouts of exultation enveloped her; did that little girl ever dream that one day when she was 60 she would float down that river in an inner tube? □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you can find a little
bit of everything but gloves*

Back Home Again in Gettysburg

— The original copy of Abraham Lincoln's famed Gettysburg Address has been returned for the summer to the site where President Lincoln made the speech. On loan from the Library of Congress to the National Park Service through Labor Day, the document is in the Cyclorama Center at the Gettysburg National Military Park. For a free Gettysburg vacation list, write Gettysburg Travel Council, 35 Carlisle Street, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania 17325.

Prime Spot for Rail Enthusiasts

— At the Choo-Choo complex in Chattanooga, Tennessee, is a large HO-gauge model railroad with more than 3,000 feet of track and a scale model of Chattanooga. Also in the complex, which occupies the former Southern Railroad station, are restaurants, a Hilton Inn and shops representative of the style at the turn of the century. Write Chattanooga Train Buff Brochures, Suite 2100, 733 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Old No. 28 on Display — Two years ago when Ford Motor Company celebrated its 75th anniversary, the company conducted a search to see how many of its first production models could be found. Eighty-three of the 1,708 1903 and 1904 Model A's were discovered. One of them is on display at the Panhandle Plains Historical Museum on the campus of West Texas State University in Canyon, Texas. You can see it 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and from 2 to 6 p.m. Sunday. Admission is free.

An Underwater View — A marine complex called Oceana with an underwater view of performing dolphins and sea lions has opened at Cedar Point in Sandusky, Ohio. A covered concrete grandstand with 1,600 seats rises nearly five stories and faces a 113,000-gallon tank built above ground. The tank has large windows to enable visitors to see what goes on under water during a performance. For information, write Cedar Point, Inc., C. N. 5006, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

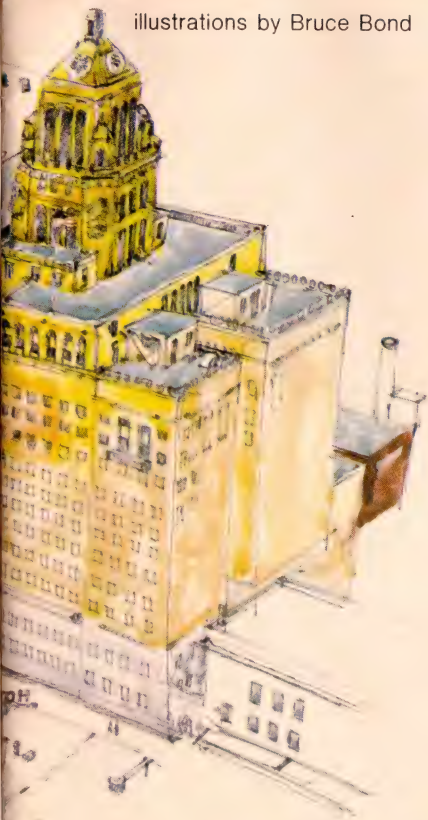
North American Maps — The Forsyth Travel Library in Shawnee Mission, Kansas, offers nearly 300 maps of North American cities, states and provinces for \$1.25 each. All are indexed and up-to-date. For a free listing of maps, travel books and other publications, send 25 cents for postage to Forsyth Travel Library, P.O. Box 2975, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66201.



Rochester:

The Town That Medicine Built

illustrations by Bruce Bond



Where else would you find an airport managed by a clinic?

by Cara L. Kazanowski

EVEN IF you're not referred there by your doctor, stop by Rochester, Minnesota, if you have the chance.

Because it's the home of the world-renowned Mayo Clinic, Rochester is unlike any other American town of 60,000 — or any other town or city of any size anywhere, for that matter. Despite huge IBM operations and some 70 other manufacturing firms, Rochester is a single-minded town, and its mind is on medicine.

From a distance, it's not difficult to tell Rochester is different because of the ponderous, multistory buildings that rise abruptly from the flat southern Minnesota farm lands. But you don't realize just how different Rochester is until you see the eight Mayo Clinic buildings, the huge hospitals and the multistory hotels that dwarf the surrounding three- and four-story buildings, the skyscrapers of most American towns.

If you fly in, you'll notice, too, this is no ordinary airport, for there are ambulance-service twin-prop planes, wheelchair cabs (actually modified vans) and a Mayo Clinic airport representative on duty in the lobby. Like much of the town, the airport was begun by the Clinic and now is managed as a subsidiary.

If you look more closely, you will see other, less obvious evidence that Rochester is the quintessential medical town.

Much as James Michener's *Hawaii* is sold in every bookstore throughout the Hawaiian Islands, *The Doctors Mayo*, written by Helen

Clapesattle in 1941, is prominently displayed in every drugstore, newsstand, department store and bookstore. It's such a perennial best-seller that when the paperback went out-of-print a few years ago, the local news distributor placed an order large enough to persuade the publisher to reprint.

Other big sellers are medical and psychological self-help books and the 30 or so out-of-town newspapers carried by the newsstands. A bookstore clerk gives the most-thumbed-through award to such references as *The Merck Manual* and *Taber's Cyclopedia Medical Dictionary* because of



"the large number of people who walk in, look up an item or two in one of these books, then sheepishly replace it."

The town and Clinic seem to merge in such other innumerable ways they're virtually one. The Kahler Hotel, the 800-room, block-square building that is the town's biggest and best hostelry, as well as the nearby Zumbro Hotel, are connected to the Clinic complex by a subway system. However, Rochester's subways aren't like those of New York and other large cities, consisting of more than half a mile of underground walkways.

Furthermore, the Kahler advertises a 24-hour nursing service while its restaurant and room service menus — as well as those at other area hotels and motels — indicate that almost any dietary need will be obliged: salt-free, boiled, low-fat, vegetarian or high-protein.

Not only is it easy to see that Rochester is medically oriented, you also hear about the subject virtually everywhere you go. These are some comments I overheard:

Near a phone booth in the Mayo Clinic complex: "I wrote down what the doctor said is wrong with me. Can *you* pronounce it?"

Next to a white-coated man and woman, while waiting for a traffic signal to change: "What *was* that heart murmur's name?"

I found it easier to get involved in conversations with strangers than in any other place I've visited. The reasons? Most visitors, having time to



spend between appointments, are anxious to chat and to explain their often complicated reasons for coming to this modern-day Lourdes. And according to one hotel bellman, "Everyone in the service business — taxi drivers, waitresses, salespeople, hotel employes — is trained to be courteous and helpful to the many guests. A lot of them are elderly, lonely, anxious or in pain."

Contrary to popular belief, the Mayo Clinic is not a hospital; it's an outpatient facility. Only about 20 per cent of Clinic patients are hospitalized at one of the two private but affiliated hospitals, St. Mary's or Rochester Methodist. Surprisingly, for such an august facility, about a fifth of the Clinic's annual 250,000

patients come without appointments, and not one of the 3.5 million patients since the Clinic opened in 1907 has ever been turned away.

Although foreign languages are sometimes heard, the Clinic isn't as much of an international mecca as I had anticipated. The explanation is easy: 90 per cent of the patients come from a 10-state trade area — a 500-mile radius, with Illinois contributing the largest number of patients from outside Minnesota. However, the number of patients coming from all over the world to be treated by the Clinic's ultra-specialists is large enough to occupy four full-time interpreters as well as a score of free-lancers fluent in the less common languages.



A visitor can get a behind-the-scenes look on the official Mayo Clinic tour, Monday through Friday, at 10 a.m. and again at 2 p.m. A 22-minute introductory movie is followed by a one-hour walk around the complex.

As does the whole town, the tour guides talk reverently — and often — of “Dr. Will” and “Dr. Charlie,” William James Mayo and Charles Horace Mayo, who, with their father, William W., and other specialists, founded the world’s first group practice of medicine — now the world’s largest clinic. The measure of their achievement is reflected in some of the statistics the guides recite: The medical community of more than 11,000 includes 700 physicians, sur-

geons and medical scientists, 800 residents and research fellows at the world’s largest graduate medical school, and 160 students at the Mayo Medical School, including one Mayo in this year’s sophomore class.

After learning of the contributions of the Doctors Mayo, you might be interested in seeing the splendor in which Dr. Charlie lives at Mayowood, once a 3,000-acre estate encompassing an 800-acre man-made lake, eight farms and a 38-room stone mansion. My favorite room: the tiny, semi-circular flower-arranging nook off the kitchen. My favorite fact: Farmhands stood a better chance of being hired if they were also musicians who could play for the family’s square dances. Tours of Mayowood leave the Olmstead County Historical Center, about a 10-minute drive west of town, or the Kahler Hotel, April through October.

With these introductions to the Clinic, I felt prepared to wander about on my own, especially to follow up my interest in art and to explore the rest of the town.

The Clinic’s art heritage began early, thanks to Dr. Henry S. Plummer, who spearheaded construction of the Plummer Building, the Clinic’s second main outpatient facility, which was completed in 1928. It is a stunning building, a modified Romanesque design built of Bedford, Indiana, limestone capped by terra cotta, with intricately carved bronze front doors and an interior with 17 types of marble, inlaid mosaic floors, terra cotta ceilings and hand-carved oak walls.

I began by studying the Mayo Building's exterior sculptures and 13 murals decorating the patient waiting areas, all reflecting the theme "Mirror to Man."

Thanks to the Clinic's encouragement of gifts from patients and patient-artists, on my unofficial art tour I was able to see *The Fish*, a Calder mobile in the Mayo Building's main lobby; *Shamrock*, a Harry Berthia sculpture commissioned by one of the sculptor's New Jersey neighbors; a tapestry and suite of 60 prints given by Mrs. Josef Albers; a sculpture garden and pre-Columbian collection in the Conrad N. Hilton Building, not to mention original paintings and prints by Miro, Braque, Calder, Matisse and Andy Warhol.

Later, I walked through Mayo Park on the Zumbro River, took a tour of St. Mary's Hospital and wandered about the clean, yet somewhat shabby downtown area, its renovation the subject of continuing debate. Despite controversies over what to raze and what to save, several buildings have been transformed to house interesting shops and restaurants.

Like most Midwestern rural areas, Rochester is still a meat 'n potatoes town. However, Michaels Restaurant, the townspeople's favorite, does manage to sell lots of its Greek specialties.

Because so many visitors are on limited budgets, Rochester has an abundance of inexpensive, non-chain restaurants. My favorite is the Green Parrot Cafe, where, seated in yellow

and green booths under faded murals of Minnesota lakes, you can get "breakfast served all day," as the sign proclaims, or dinners of young beef liver, butter-fried fillet of Canadian pike (a local specialty), chicken and dressing, or ham steak, plus home-made soup, salad, potato, roll and beverage — all for between \$2.75 and \$4.95. Other places beat even these prices: At the Zumbro Hotel's Scandia Cafeteria, an egg, toast and coffee total under \$2.

At the other end of the price spectrum is the Kahler Hotel's Elizabetan Room, where you easily can spend \$50 on dinner for one while being serenaded weeknights by a pianist who favors Chopin and Mozart, or weekends by a strolling violinist.

There's still more to do in Rochester, if you have the time, including touring the Libby, McNeill & Libby, Inc. canning plant, whose corn cob water tower is one of the world's most unusual, and watching the 25,000 handsome Canada geese that call nearby Silver Lake home, from October through March.

If you want to get farther out of town, as many Rochester residents do every weekend, stop by the Chamber of Commerce office on First Avenue for brochures on Mantorville, a village partially restored to its 1880 appearance, and the outdoor activities offered in "Hiawathaland," as the state's promotional literature has dubbed southeastern Minnesota.

Perhaps a better name would have been "Mayoland." □



A Girl Named Dossie

by Dorothy W. Wright

illustrations by Martin Ahearn

THE SUBWAY train streaked through the tunnel on its way to Boston, the cool air blowing through the grill-work as I held fast to the sides of the opening. I was first to scramble onto

the train; no other child would beat me to the front of the car if I could help it. I loved the sense of freedom, of power, and there was nothing more wonderful than standing there as the

train sped along, staring into the dark tunnel ahead, breathing in the strange fumes of a city subway.

I was 9 years old, it was 1932, and I had mastered the Boston El, as it was called in those days. I knew my way around Boston, for in the winter I had a student ticket that cost five cents. With that ticket, and a judicious use of transfers, I could go anywhere in Greater Boston. In summer the cost was 10 cents, so I didn't go as often.

The subway represented freedom

We had moved to Boston the year before, my sister, my mother and I, away from Springfield and all the confusion that goes with divorce. We were on our own, and in Boston I discovered a freedom I never knew existed. On that subway train I didn't think about Springfield at all. I was speeding through a tunnel; I was going to meet my mother to buy a new pair of shoes.

As the train pulled into Park Street Under, I elbowed my way to the door and ran up the stairs as fast as I could. I heard the screech of the trolley cars on the upper level as I flew past them, running to the next flight of stairs that opened onto Boston Common. Bright sunlight bounced off the cement pavement as young newsboys peddled their papers.

It was a merry place to be, with fat pigeons waddling about begging for peanuts, children darting among the trees playing hide and seek. When I had time I wandered about the com-

mon, taking off my shoes at the fountain and wiggling my feet in the cool bubbling water. Other times I walked across the pond. How often I stretched out on the grass beside the flower beds, staring up into the trees, their branches bending across the sky.

It was a beautiful August day. August days can be beastly hot in Boston, but when the east wind rises a delicious breeze sweeps over the city and it is pure joy walking those winding streets. However, on that particular day, beautiful or not, I didn't think about going anywhere except my mother's office. I was early, I knew, but I could hold back no longer. The clatter of the office fascinated me — the smell of ink, the jangle of the telephone, busy people rushing back and forth talking about things I didn't understand at all. It was a magical world!

I crossed the street at the corner and walked up Park Street, passing



the old gentleman I called the Lavender Man. "Lavender," he would call in his quavering voice, "Buy my Old English Lavender." He was a small man, wearing a dark suit, his frayed tie knotted squarely under the clean white collar of his shirt. He sold his wares from a folding black table halfway up the hill on Park Street, and how I wanted to buy his lavender!

In my life, however, there was no money for luxuries. The lavender sachets sold for 15 cents apiece, or two for a quarter, and that was too much. It was the Depression, and no child support came from unemployed fathers. The lone family income came from that small office on Beacon Street.

I stopped in front of the lavender stand to smell the sachets, wishing so



hard that I could buy one for my mother. The Lavender Man understood how I felt as he smiled at me. I knew he sensed how much I wanted that small sachet, so fragrant and neat in its organdy wrapping. A satin ribbon tied it into a tiny ball, and to this day I can smell the sweet fragrance of that delicate puff of lavender. The old man and I both had it in our hearts to give, but neither of us could afford the giving.

Her dress took on a style

At the State House I turned right to go to the office building where my mother worked. She looked so different in that small room with the venetian blinds opened wide, the slotted light brushing across her desk. The old black dress, her working dress, took on a style in the efficient surroundings of a busy office.

I don't remember whether the dress was cotton or linen, voile or crepe. All I know is that her black dress lived with us for years. Sometimes it was on the clothesline in the backyard of Mrs. Kenny's house (where we lived); sometimes it hung on a hanger in the steamy bathroom to get out the wrinkles. Sometimes it hung quietly in the closet on a Sunday when she wore a cotton housedress.

It was a nothing dress to me until I went to her office on Beacon Street. After that it became an image. In that black dress my mother was no longer the careworn woman who came home each night; she was an office worker and I was proud.



Her desk was a sea of papers, a tall telephone standing straight beside them. To the right was a smaller table with that wonder of wonders, a typewriter.

My big moment

"Would you like to try it, Dossie?" she asked. That was what she called me, Dossie, short for Dorothy. "Yes, I would," I responded with a decided squeal in my voice. I always had trouble keeping my voice down.

I slid into her chair and slowly typed out *d o r o t h y*. "Mum," I called, "How can I make big letters?"

She stopped her work long enough to show me how the shift key worked, and then came the discovery of stars, dots and underlinings. For the next hour I was wrapped up in the world of fantasy. I loved every minute of it. The blank sheet became a masterpiece of shapes and letters, my name, her name and Mrs. Kenney's name.

At noon I folded my paper and put it in my pocket. It was Mum's lunch hour and we were going to Filene's. In those days buying shoes was a big event, for no one bought shoes unless they outgrew them. Holes didn't matter; they were patched with rubber half soles from Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent Store. A shoe was worn until there was nothing left. Everyone lived that way in our neighborhood. However, it was my day to get new shoes, and we were off.

We walked down the wooden stairs of the old building, crossed Beacon Street to Park Street, past the Lavender Man. I neither looked at him, nor smiled; I didn't want my mother to know how I felt about that lavender.

We hurried along since Filene's was some distance away. We didn't give a thought to lunch. There was no time for that. We crossed Tremont Street, cut through the first floor of Gilchrist's Department Store, coming out right at Filene's.

The shoes that were not to be

We went directly to the shoe department where the clerk pulled out the iron foot measure. When he determined my proper size, he went to the back room returning with the most beautiful pair of black patent leather shoes I had ever seen.

Oh, how I wanted those shoes, but it was not to be. They weren't quite right, my mother said, nor were the brown oxfords that she had in mind. She thanked him and left. I tagged along behind her trying to hold back

the tears but not doing a very good job of it. "Don't worry, Dossie," my mother whispered. "We'll get your shoes." We rode the escalator down to the first floor, and below to Filene's Basement.

Not 10 feet from where we stopped was a whole table of shoes in just my size. I sat on a bench as my mother checked the fit of the shoes, for there were no clerks helping there. It was a pick and choose manner of shopping, and we chose a pair of brown oxfords just like the ones we saw upstairs. "They fit," she said, "and there's room to grow."

Mother paid for the shoes, and together we wove our way back to Park Street. She handed me 10 cents and told me it was time to go home. How disappointed I was not to go back to her office with its fine typewriter! She had work to do, I was told, and I must understand.

I stood at the mouth of Park Street Station, watching her rush up the hill, a trim little woman in a black dress. I knew the old man with the thin white hair was saying, "Lavender, buy my Old English Lavender," as she passed him, but she didn't stop.

I went into the dark subway, down to the rapid transit in its lower depths. As the cool, dank breeze swept along the tracks in the tunnel, I thought, "Someday I will buy Old English Lavender; someday I will have a typewriter of my own."

The train came, and the wind blew through my hair as we plunged into the tunnel. □

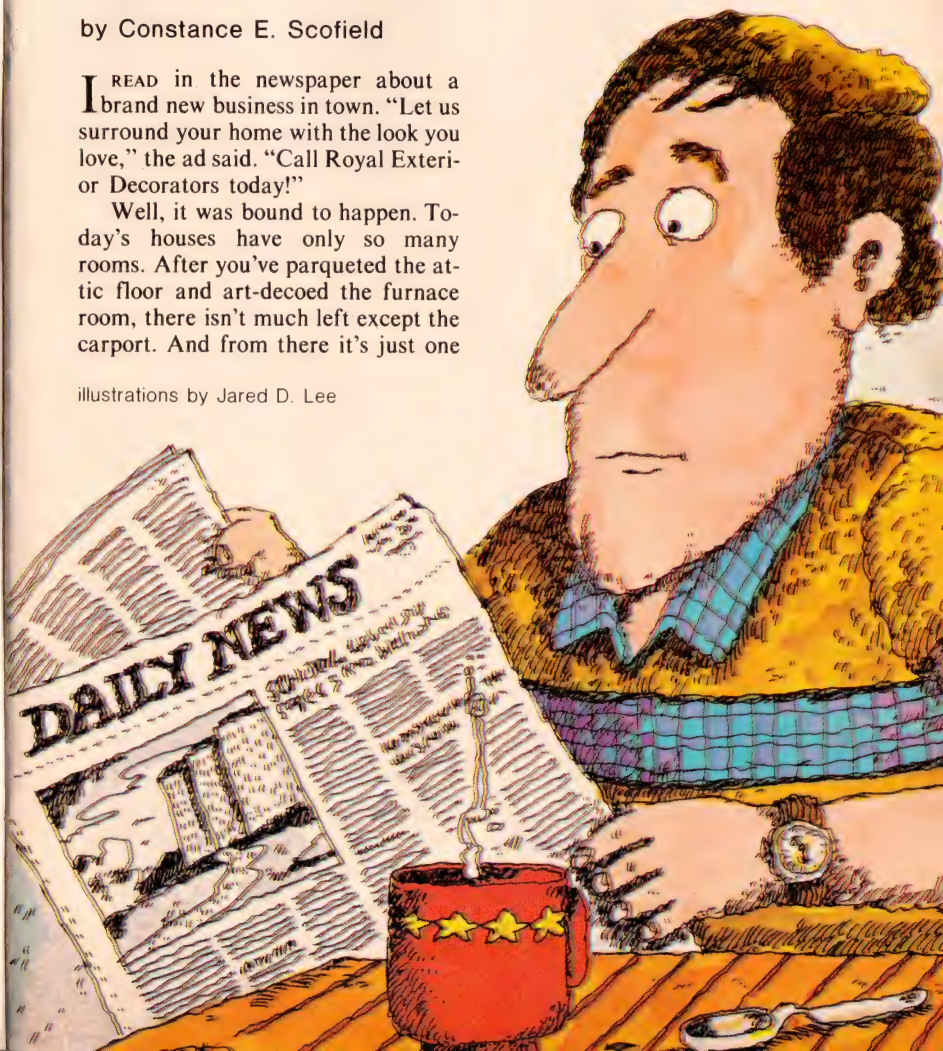
Of Shepherd's Purse, Lizard's-Tail and Squirrel Shoes

by Constance E. Scofield

I READ in the newspaper about a brand new business in town. "Let us surround your home with the look you love," the ad said. "Call Royal Exterior Decorators today!"

Well, it was bound to happen. Today's houses have only so many rooms. After you've parqueted the attic floor and art-decoed the furnace room, there isn't much left except the carport. And from there it's just one

illustrations by Jared D. Lee





easy step to the Great Outdoors.

It must be quite a challenge, I thought, to create a "personalized living space" from a scrubby fir tree and a 9- by 12-foot patch of zoysia grass. I wondered how those exterior decorators did it. So I dialed Royal's number and asked.

"It's quite easy," gushed the cheery voice that answered my call. "We use wild flowers. They're very expressive — you can convey a whole lifestyle with a single plant. And the variety! There's a plant for every situation. Why, just last week we designed a front lawn for a coin collector

— a lovely display of shepherd's purse and field pennycress against a background of silverweed and witches' money.

"And the week before, we did the side yard of a symphony conductor. For him, we created a bright mixture of trumpets and bugles. He was delighted. And then there was the astronomer . . ."

"Wait a minute!" I said. "What can you do for ordinary people — me, for instance?"

"Well, we'd design a yard that reflects your personal style of living."

"Seedy and downtrodden?"

She giggled. "Oh, we can do better than that. Do you like to cook? We'll prepare a display of corn salad, wine cups, butter and eggs, and cheeses. Are you a social sort? We can fill your yard with couples like Bouncing Bet and Creeping Charlie, Ragged Robin and Two-flowered Cynthia, Herb Robert and Sweet Cicely, Sweet Beth and Stinking Benjamin."

"I'm afraid I'm not much for parties," I said. "I usually fall asleep before the 11 o'clock news."

"Well, then, have breakfast on your patio with Black-eyed Susan and Blue-eyed Mary. And don't forget Myrtle — she makes herself at home anywhere."

"I'm not very good at coffee klatsches," I told her.

"Oh . . ." There was a moment's silence. "But you like animals, don't you? We do lots of lawns for animal lovers. Take your pick: We have lion's foot, goatsbeard, hound's-tongue, cat's ear, coltsfoot, bearberry and squirrel shoes. You can have your herd fenced in. Or you can let them run free.

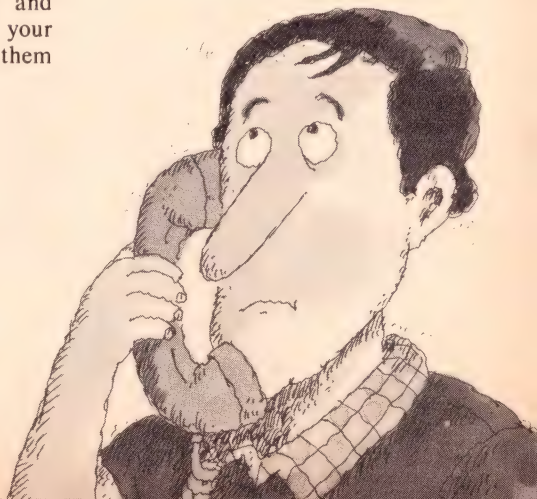
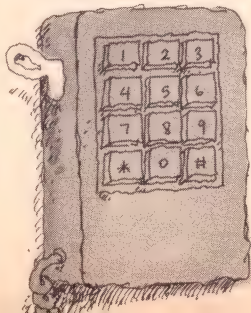
"We decorate with reptiles, too," she continued. "How about a slithery mixture of snake-mouth, cobra plant and lizard's-tail? We also have rattle-snake-master."

I shivered, then offered a suggestion. "Maybe I'd better just go along with the crowd. What's your most popular decor?"

"Right now it's native American. We're doing two tennis courts with arrowheads and moccasin flowers, and we have an order for a swimming pool in prairie smoke. Last year, of course, everybody wanted Tolkien. You should have seen our special — a hobbit-sized planting of dragon's mouth, rose elf and enchanter's nightshade. Say, maybe you'd like our *new* special — do you have a vegetable garden?"

"A very small one," I said. "We like to go camping, so we're not home much in the summer."

"Then our Fish 'n' Golf Garden



A CHRISTMAS SALE IN AUGUST?

NO WE HAVEN'T flipped our chefs' hats. One of our staffers merely said he planned to buy several cookbooks for Christmas gifts when we held our August sale for *Ford Times Favorite Recipes*, Volume VII. This handsome, hardcover book makes a great year-round gift for any occasion, but for those who like to do their Christmas shopping early — at sale prices — why not suggest it in August? We thought it a splendid idea.

Normally, the book retails for \$6.95. But for orders postmarked *on or before September 30, 1980*, we are making the following special sale offer:

For one book.....	\$5.50
For two or more books.....	\$4.50 per copy
And a super-saver dozen books.....	\$48.00 per dozen (\$4.00 per copy)

Each page of *Ford Times Favorite Recipes* is 8 $\frac{5}{8}$ x10 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches and features large, easy-to-read type. The book is liberally sprinkled with four-color illustrations of 237 famous restaurants. Restaurants are conveniently organized by city and state in six major geographic areas. From the restaurants are 371 prized recipes — dozens for which we didn't have space in *Ford Times*.

It is a book to use at home and on the road — as a cook and as a traveler.

Order several now before our August sale ends.

FORD PUBLICATIONS, BOX 1509-B, Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Enclosed is my check payable to Ford Motor Company for \$ _____.

Please send me 1 copy at a single copy price of.....\$5.50

_____ copies at a multiple-copy price of	\$4.50 per copy
_____ dozen copies at	\$48.00 per dozen (\$4.00 per copy)

I understand this offer is good only for orders postmarked on or before September 30, 1980.

Name _____

Street and number _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Ford Times Favorite Recipes

A Traveler's Guide to Good Eating at
Home and on the Road.

VOLUME 1



would be perfect! Everything in it is self-seeding or perennial. You never have to plant or transplant. Just weed the garden once in a while and boast about it to your friends."

"What's in this garden?" I asked.

"Hills of cornflower and wild beans, beds of pineapple weed and barren strawberry, and rows of wild carrots, wild radishes and hairy lettuce. And there's . . ."

"Wait a minute! You can't get fruit from a barren strawberry."

"Right! Isn't it wonderful? This garden does away with all the most bothersome chores. You'll never spend another hour picking, freezing or canning. What do you say? Shall I send one of our decorators to your

house to talk with you?"

"I'll think about it," I promised her, and said goodbye. A moment later I walked over to the window and looked carefully at my side yard. Last Saturday's badminton games had left bare spots in the lawn. Burdocks were sprouting in the hollyhock bed. Two small holes marked a chipmunk burrow, the base of operations for some very successful petunia raids. And the clothesline was starting to sag — the puppy and the laundry must have had another argument.

So there! Who says you need a professional? When it comes to designing expressive decors for busy people, some of us have more than enough natural talent. □

Where to Stay in the U.S.A. and Beat Inflation

WOULD YOU LIKE to know about 1,700 places in all 50 states where you can spend the night for \$20 or less?

The Council on International Educational Exchange has just published its 1980-81 edition of *Where to Stay U.S.A.* as a guide to help U.S. travelers stretch their vacation dollars. *Family Circle* magazine describes the book as "the best compilation of budget travel information ever put together in one place."

Organized by city and state, the accommodations range from hostels, Y's and campgrounds to college dorms, guest houses, hotels and no-frills motels. Descriptions include details about restaurants, sightseeing, entertainment and transportation.

Copies are available at bookstores, or you can send a check or money order to CIEE, Dept. PR-WTS, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017. The price is \$4.95, but add 80 cents for third-class postage or \$1 for first-class postage.

Equal Time for Tires

When it comes to improving fuel economy, Ford's new radials deserve some credit, too

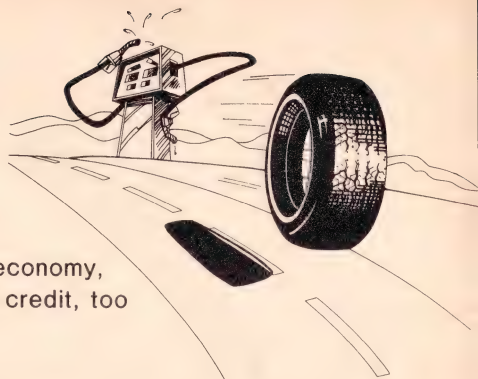
by Michael E. Maattala

FORD'S EFFORTS to improve the fuel economy of its vehicles extend even to the tires on which they ride.

"The major emphasis on smaller vehicles and more efficient engines and transmissions should not overshadow the contribution made by improved tire design to the national energy-conservation effort," said John D. Velte, chief chassis engineer for Ford Motor Company.

"For example, our new 1980 steel-belted radial-ply tires with reduced rolling resistance account for more than 19 per cent of the 2.4-mile-per-gallon improvement in Ford's Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) over 1979."

Ford's 1980 CAFE is projected at 21.6 miles per gallon — the highest among major U.S. car makers, according to published releases. Ford is the only major U.S. car maker with improved mileage ratings for the standard powertrains on all its 1980 American-made models, compared with 1979 introductory models. And Ford is the only U.S. auto manufacturer having 100 per cent of its cars equipped with steel-belted radial-ply tires.



The new radials are standard equipment on the Ford LTD, Thunderbird, Fairmont and Mustang. Velte said the combination of new, lighter-weight constructions, improved rubber-tread compounds and higher tire pressures has reduced the rolling resistance of the new tires by 24 per cent from that of comparable-sized 1978-79 conventional steel-belted radials.

The new tires weigh up to 13 per cent less than conventional radials — a savings of six to 12 pounds per vehicle. "That may not sound like much," said Velte, "but it is very significant to today's automobile engineers who measure weight savings on individual components in ounces."

Recommended pressures for 1980 tires on Ford vehicles range up to 35 pounds per square inch (psi), compared with a range of 24 to 32 psi for 1979-level tires. Velte said adjustments were made to the suspension systems of 1980 cars to offset any possible deterioration in vehicle noise, vibration and ride characteristics resulting from the higher recommended inflation pressures. □

Down on the Lobster Farm

Unless researchers
are successful in raising
this delectable king of
the seafood menu,
one restaurateur's joke
may not be a joke

by Lew Dietz

WHEN A MAINE restaurateur listed a baked lobster on his menu at \$22 one recent summer he didn't expect to find any takers. He was curious to learn how deep into its poke the touring public would dig to satisfy its appetite for the state's No. 1 gustatory attraction.

To his amazement he found a few

customers who didn't even blink at the price. Some who did hesitate quickly swallowed their compunctions. They had come to Maine to eat lobster and lobster they would have, let the chips fall where they may.

The prospect of a \$22 lobster dinner is no longer a whimsey. With natural stocks shrinking and the demand steadily increasing there simply are not enough lobsters to go around. The nation has acquired a taste for this marine arthropod designated scientifically as *Homarus americanus* and apparently is determined to support its addiction at any price.

It's a matter of basic economics: As the gap between supply and demand widens, the cost of a lobster dinner will continue to escalate. That is unless America loses its taste for lobsters or the sea can be managed to produce more of these eight-legged, two-clawed delicacies, both unlikely eventualities.

A third alternative is presently emerging. The rumor that one day soon market-sized lobsters will be raised on a saltwater farm is something more than a pie-in-the-sky dream. Aquaculture is already supplying the market with salmon and trout. Oysters and mussels have been raised successfully for some years. The Japanese have produced "farm-grown" shrimp for decades.

The idea of farming lobsters isn't new. The French were raising lobsters a hundred years ago. A half-century back, the federal government operated lobster hatcheries in Maine and

illustrations by Lindy Swartwout



other New England states. Early-state, bug-sized lobsters were released into the sea by the millions. But the mortality by predation was so excessive that the experiment was abandoned.

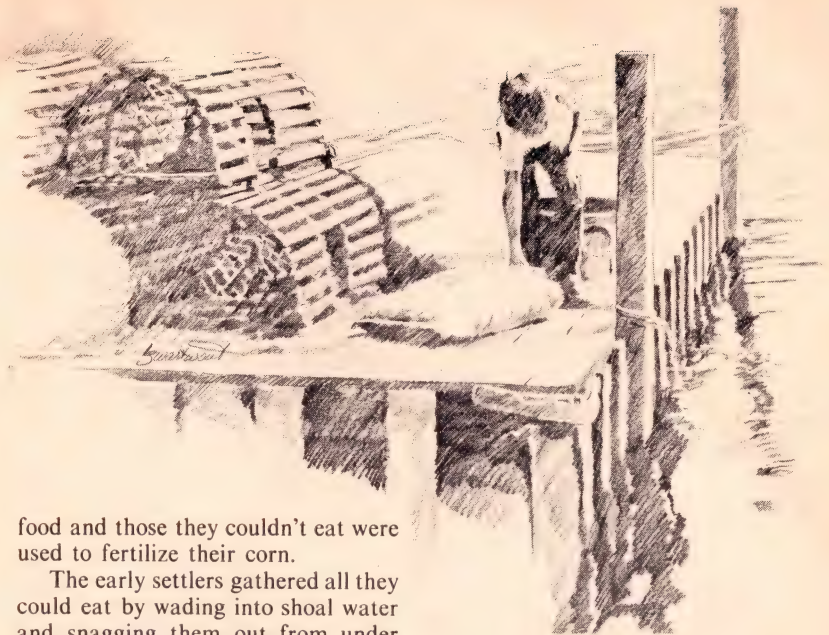
The technology for raising lobsters has been available for a number of years. The problem has been to produce a marketable "domesticated" specimen that could compete in price with its wild brother. Now that the meat from this king of seafood enjoys the highest per-pound value of any menu item with the possible exception of hummingbird tongues, this barrier has been breached.

The elevation of the North Atlantic lobster to such a lofty position among seafood is relatively recent his-

tory. Before World War I, few Americans west of the Appalachians had seen a live lobster and even fewer would have had the foggiest notion of how to tackle a boiled one were it presented on a platter. Today, live lobsters fly via airfreight to every city in the nation. Chain stores in the Midwest feature the critters swimming in aerated tanks. A householder in California can have a dozen delivered at his doorstep in less than 24 hours — at a price.

The going price of this privilege would have dumbfounded our Yankee ancestors who bought lobsters by the bushel at Boston markets for a penny apiece. The woodland Indians of Maine, who summered on the coast, considered roasted lobster subsistence





food and those they couldn't eat were used to fertilize their corn.

The early settlers gathered all they could eat by wading into shoal water and snagging them out from under rocks. A lobster bake on the shore rocks became a folkway and the fellow who couldn't put away a half-dozen at a sitting was tabbed as a finicky eater.

Old-time Maine lobstermen can remember when lobsters were served as an economy measure. "When I was a kid we fed lobster to the cat," one retired fisherman recalls. "Today, the only time we put lobsters on the table is when my wife's relatives visit us from Ohio. We wouldn't dare serve anything else."

Not that Maine lobstermen are complaining about the present value of their catches, though many point out that they did better 30 years ago when the landed value of lobster was about 50 cents a pound and 50 traps

could be counted on to produce 50 pounds of legal-sized "keepers" at each tending.

Rockport lobsterman Howard Kimball puts it this way. "Back in the 1950s my summer customers would buy a dozen or more lobsters at a whack. Now they buy three or four. Today there are too many lobstermen and not enough lobsters."

Hard figures tell the unhappy story. Maine lobster landings have declined 23 per cent since 1960, a peak year when 24 million pounds were harvested. In that year, about 700,000 traps were fished in Maine waters. Last year, with nearly 2 million traps fishing, lobster landings shrank to 18 million pounds. In 1960 New England and Canadian fishermen produced



more than 50 million pounds of lobster. The figure has declined to 30 million pounds.

The possibility that better management and stricter conservation measures can save the resource appears slim. Over-fishing, coupled with colder water temperatures that tend to slow the growth of lobsters and are predicted to persist over the next few decades, suggests a continuing decline of the lobster fishery. Vaughn Anthony, until recently the director of the Maine Department of Marine Resources, warns that it may already be too late to save the resource.

In the face of what Anthony terms "classic signs of the collapse of the lobster fishery" little wonder that aquaculture, the obvious alternative to dependence upon natural lobster stocks, is being considered seriously. Universities on the West Coast have been experimenting with lobster mariculture for a number of years. Another study is under way near Great Salt Lake in Utah. A chiropractor in New York state presently is engaged in a lobster raising pilot project. The Massachusetts Department of Fish and Game has been dedicating substantial funding to lobster aquaculture experimentation. At the University of Maine, researchers, funded by the federal Sea Grant program, are working on similar investigations.

Collectively, these research agencies have already surmounted such problems as cannibalism, blood bacteria disease and stress caused by salinity changes, which have been the

major stumbling blocks to the successful rearing of North Atlantic lobsters. Many in the scientific establishment see a technological breakthrough in the next decade.

The recent news that private enterprise — big business — has indeed come into the lobster picture lends fresh credibility to the prophecy that there will be a farm lobster in our future. Sanders Associates, a conglomerate based in Nashua, New Hampshire, has asked the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department for permission to raise lobsters that would exempt it from current restrictions.

Sanders Associates characterizes its project as "exploratory" and Maine lobstermen, though they freely admit that their industry is in deep trouble, do not see corporate investment in their traditional precinct as an immediate threat to their way of life. But in the long view, there seems little doubt that the lobster farm is an idea whose time has come.

Long memories may recall the politician who promised a chicken in every pot. Today, he would have to make it a chicken lobster — a one-pounder in dealers' parlance — to create a stir in the hustings. Moreover, the golden promise could not be made good. Even if big industry should gear up to decrease the dependence upon the fisherman's harvest, it's likely that this king of seafood will remain a luxury menu item.

And the \$22 lobster dinner will become closer to a reality than a restaurateur's joke. □

Nighthawk: Bull in

These bellowing birds
can be seen grazing
on insects above
open fields and
cities all across
North America



Airy Pastures

by Irving Petite

A CELESTIAL BELLOW sounded clearly through a twilight lull above the city streets. Standing still and looking up, I saw some dark birds, shaped like swallows but larger, zigzagging in three dimensions through the sunset-lit upper air.

As I watched, one plummeted like a rock, pulling up sharply out of the dive, and again made its full-throated boom. It was not the sonic-barrier-bursting type of boom, but a mellower one as of a bull bellowing from some distant pasture — eerie, and strong.

It was a nighthawk, member of the family *Caprimulgidae*, a name fashioned out of two Latin words meaning

“goat milker.” Early English immigrants called the nighthawk a goat milker, thereby preserving an old-world superstition. Because of the nighthawk’s habit of perching on pathways and hovering in the insect-laden air above livestock corrals, the superstition was believable. The nighthawk’s wide, literally ear-to-ear mouth and pink throat seemed especially adapted for such tricks.

Nighthawks are related to whippoorwills and Audubon painted them with the same dusky coloring flecked with gold, the striking difference being the nighthawk’s bold white bar near either wing tip and the male’s white throat patch.

Nighthawks and whippoorwills alike have bristly mouths and weak bills, but nighthawks graze on insects in airy pastures above open fields and cities all across the United States and Canada, while the shyer whippoorwills keep to the woods of the Eastern states.

Nighthawks winter as far south as Argentina while Cousin Whippoorwill goes only as far as the Southern states and Central America.

(A relative of both and similar in appearance, the poor-will sometimes can’t be bothered with *any* winter trek: He hibernates. Burying himself under leaves, he turns his metabolism down to “neutral,” along with the

illustrations by Bob Rozas





chipmunks and woodchucks.)

As I watched the bellower above the city, he swooped toward a rooftop and another nighthawk rose toward him, with fluttering movement but on unusually strong wings for a nine- or 10-inch bird. Nighthawks lay two eggs, about the size of robins' eggs. They are speckled to match either the bare ground or the roofs where they set up housekeeping without benefit of nest.

Nighthawk legs and toes, which are strong the first few weeks of life, begin to weaken through disuse when the chick begins to fly at 18 or 20 days of age. When you see an adult nighthawk perching on a limb you will note that it is resting lengthwise on the limb, its body close to the limb. Because of this inability to perch nor-

mally, the nighthawk favors roofs for roosting.

Once in August, on the trail that a hundred goats used daily as they grazed in the Cascade foothills, I saw a furry movement from a gray and mousy animated fluff-ball. Stooping, I discovered a seemingly wingless fledgling that flopped and skittered along in a gray panic.

It was a young nighthawk and its mother, hovering and wheeling in the hot sunlight, the white bars on her underwings slashing close by and her voice a worried, continuous "veep" or "zeep," tried to lure or frighten me away.

The chick had been one of two eggs there on the trail, surviving in the break between the steps that the goats were taking day after day. Coyotes, bobcats, weasels and little spotted skunks also used the trail regularly, and how one egg escaped them all seemed to me something for Darwin to rise and found a new theory on.

(Other eggs, which we visited at varying open spots around the ranch in other years, fared less fortunately and were often eaten before they hatched.)

The chick may have been one of the nighthawks who lived to bound into the air, wheeling away from a dusty roost on the county road when our car passed.

The numbers of those that nest here in the Cascades seem to increase a little from year to year, although we have never seen as many as the 200 which Dawson Bowles, a former

Northwest naturalist, once observed "executing a grand march with bewildering evolutions" above a Yakima, Washington, pasture.

But then, of course, nighthawks never gather in flocks except to migrate in September or to partake in some spectacular insect feast, like the one Bowles observed in progress.

The nighthawk also is called a bull bat. Both "nighthawk" and "bull bat" are examples of man's tendency to misname. The bird is not a hawk and not a bat, although it "hawks" its food. It is not limited to night activity. That leaves one nomenclature that is appropriate: "Bull," for its bellow is so genuine that my mother can remember being one of a party of children once frightened while berry-picking at a sound that they thought

was made by a neighbor's Jersey bull, nearer-at-hand than he should have been. But it was only a nighthawk.

Some authorities say the bellowing sound is made particularly during mating season. I've observed it from early June when the nighthawks (the last arrivals) come north and people the upper air with life, until their departure southward in September.

Some say the booming sound is made with the nighthawk's wings as it pulls out of a long fast dive. Others believe, after observance of such noises on a terrestrial plane, that it is made when the nighthawk goes after winged bugs with its mouth wide open, the sound being akin to that which children produce by blowing across the open mouths of empty bottles.

The less spectacular "pisc" or "zeep" (or "pee-yah" or "sqe-eak," depending upon your own translation), repeated nasally as the nighthawk zigs and zags in a more or less horizontal pattern, is a comfortable minor note.

Musical compositions are sometimes effected, as when there are three nighthawks above an evening field (this I once heard orchestrated) — two going "zeep" and one "boom," simultaneously.

Nighthawk stomachs have been examined by non-music-lovers. Some contained as many as 50 different kinds of flying insects. One held 2,175 ants, another more than 500 mosquitoes. Any of those catches represents a lot of zigging, zagging and zeeps. □





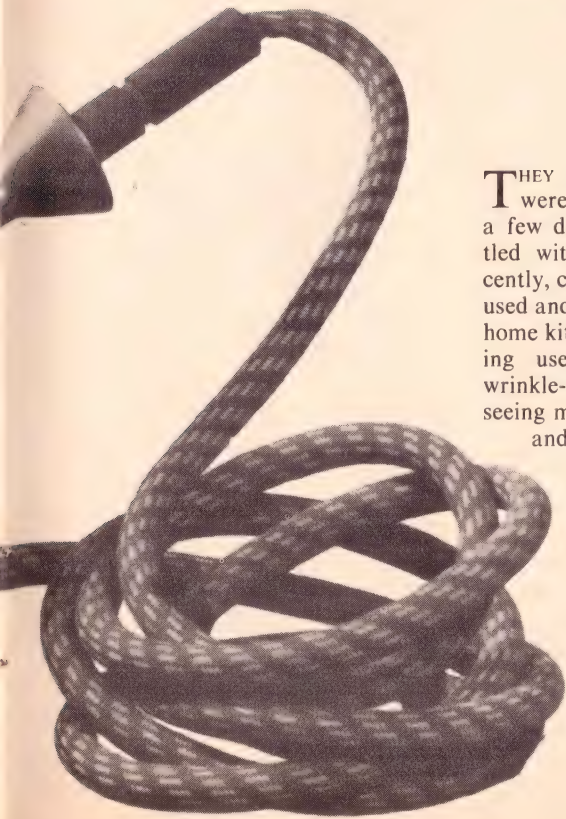
Gas-burning flatiron, circa 1910

Irons from Henry Ford Museum collection

Thank Goodness for the Passing of the Iron

As these symbols of drudgery disappeared from the American scene, they became more valued as collectibles

by Robert R. Morris



THEY WERE ALL very heavy, some were even lethal, and perhaps not a few domestic arguments were settled with them. Yet until most recently, clothing irons were a regularly used and regularly dreaded part of the home kitchen arsenal. With the growing use of permanent press and wrinkle-resistant fabrics, irons are seeing much less use than in the past, and are a rapidly declining cause of aching muscles. That's why collecting irons may be the next wave in collectible Americana.

During the greater part of the 19th century, and even into the 20th, the flatiron, or "sad" iron — sad meaning heavy, or dark — was part of every home. Made of cast iron, and weighing as much as 15 pounds, they were usually

heated on a wood-burning stove. Some came with special heating plates and a detachable wooden handle for rotating the irons from plate to stove. "Mrs. Potts' irons" were advertised in the 1908 *Sears, Roebuck Catalogue* at 78 cents for a set of three.

Special irons were made for special uses, some of them heavy duty — such as the 20-pound irons called "tailor's geese," shaped like naval destroyers and used in tailor shops and laundries. Highly polished irons were used with a "quick touch" flowing



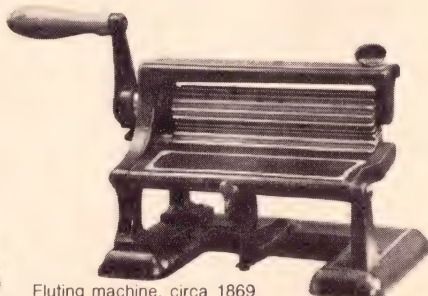
Flatiron with removable handle, circa 1896

used for pressing pleats into clothes, and were heated by placing them directly into the flame.



Gas-burning flatiron, circa 1910

motion for silk and satin. The irons had to be kept moving, so they wouldn't stick to the material. Fluting irons, shaped like huge gears, were



Fluting machine, circa 1869

Technology is inexorable, and larger irons were made with chambers for hot charcoal, which cut down on the need for frequent reheating. These came with holes, or flues, to allow

Reprinted from 1908 *Sears, Roebuck Catalogue*

78¢ FOR A SET OF 3

Bargain price elsewhere, 98 cents.
Our price, per set, **78¢**
YOU SAVE MONEY
WHEN YOU BUY
HARDWARE OF US.



MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS, DETACHABLE HANDLE AND STAND, COMPLETE.

Set consists of one iron with rounded end, for polishing, weight, 4 pounds; two with regular ends, one weighing 5½ pounds and one 5½ pounds; one detachable wood handle, always cool, and one iron stand.

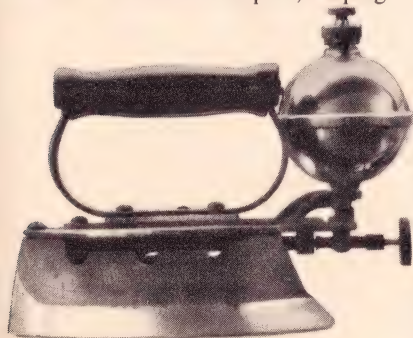
No. 9K22045 Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons, in sets of three, with detachable wood handle and iron stand, as above; finely polished. Packed one set in a box. Price, per set, **78¢**

smoke out and oxygen in. A lot of tailors and Chinese laundrymen made good use of them.



Charcoal-burning flatiron, circa 1890

With the 1890s came the peculiar-looking alcohol-burning irons. These had an outside-mounted fuel reservoir, with a tube leading down into the iron. The tube had small holes, out of which the flame would spurt, keeping



Kerosene-burning flatiron, circa 1890

the blade (bottom) of the iron hot. The usefulness of the alcohol-burning iron was short-lived though, because when left alone, the irons would heat

up to a bursting point, threatening whole households.

At the turn of the century, gas-fired irons, with special fittings that connected them to gas light fixtures,



Charcoal-burning flatiron/fluter, circa 1910

were used in laundries, but never gained wide acceptance for home use.

By the 1920s, electric irons were commonly available, with the first steam iron on the market by the 1930s. Housewives were thus pleased to see the era of the heavy flatirons end.

Today a small cadre of collectors is expressing a growing interest in flatirons, sadirons, charcoal burners, alcohol irons, and even some of the earliest electrics. Perhaps it's the wave of nostalgia over a time long put to rest. Or perhaps it's a collective sigh of relief over a drudgery done away with. □

What Does America Love Most About Her Wagons?

Here's the inside story

by Jerree F. Martin



LTD Wagon in Tu-Tone Dark Blue Metallic over Medium Blue Glow



Fairmont Wagon with Squire Option

THERE'S NO DOUBT about it. What America loves most about her wagons is space. And space is what you get with Ford wagons for 1980.

Take the new trim-size Ford LTD wagon with full-size comfort inside. The wagon can seat up to eight people with optional dual-facing rear seats, and offers 89.7 cubic feet of cargo space with the rear seats down. Add to that almost 12 cubic feet in lockable stowage compartments in the floor and sidewall.

Or consider Ford's popular Fairmont wagon. It gives you five-

passenger roominess or 79.5 cubic feet of cargo space with the rear seat down — more than any other mid-size wagon built in America.

Even the little Pinto wagon offers up to 57.2 cubic feet of cargo space.

And with Ford's roomy Club Wagons, you can transport up to 14 of your favorite passengers.

All measurements and comparisons are based on the Environmental Protection Agency's Volume Index.

There's good news, too, from the fuel economy front. The LTD and Fairmont wagons and even the Club

MODEL	ENGINE/TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATED MPG	HIGHWAY ESTIMATED MPG
Ford LTD Wagon	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	17	24
Fairmont Wagon	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	38
Pinto Wagon	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	38
Club Wagon	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	18	26

EPA figures are for comparison with the estimated miles per gallon of other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on your speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. California estimates lower. Comparison excludes diesels and other Ford Motor Company wagons.

Wagon surpass their competitors in the mileage ratings. And Pinto wagon offers the highest mpg ratings of any domestic rival. These claims are not at all hard to believe when you consider that Ford is the only domestic manufacturer to give you more miles to the gallon for every 1980 car and truck built in America. (EPA fuel economy listings show that all 1980 Ford models, except California Pinto, have mileage ratings for standard powertrains that exceed the previous year's introductory models.)

And now Ford wagon customers can enjoy an extra measure of product confidence with another better idea for the '80s. Ford Motor Company now offers a three-year limited corrosion-perforation warranty on all new 1980-model vehicles. The warranty states that any part which, in normal use, rusts through from corrosion within three years will be repaired or replaced free of charge (excluding exhaust system components and damage caused by accidents).

Take your choice of three spacious LTD wagons — Country Squire, LTD and LTD S. Standard on each is the 3-way Magic Doorgate with power window, pioneered by Ford. Also included are a 5.0-liter (302-CID) V-8 engine with DuraSpark Electronic Ignition, SelectShift automatic transmission, power steering and brakes, P-metric steel-belted radial-ply tires, and more.

LTD's option spotlight for 1980 focuses on the innovative Automatic Overdrive Transmission (AOD). At

about 40 miles per hour, it automatically shifts into a fourth, or overdrive, gear to give you even better highway fuel economy. The Ford LTD wagon with AOD and the 5.8-liter (351-CID) V-8 engine has an EPA-estimated 15 mpg and a highway rating of 25 mpg. Other options of particular interest to wagon buyers include a deluxe luggage rack, heavy-duty suspension, Traction-Lok axle and a heavy-duty Trailer-Towing Package.

LTD's Country Squire cousin offers its signature woodtone vinyl bodyside paneling and features such as deluxe door trim with carpeted lower panels, an illuminated, self-regulating electric clock, and color-keyed deluxe belts with comfort regulators and reminder chime.

LTD wagons let you choose seats to suit yourself, with a variety of seating options, starting with either all-vinyl or DuraWeave fabric on flight-bench or split-bench seats. The Interior Luxury Group offered on the Country Squire features velour cloth, super-soft vinyl or optional leather on individually adjustable reclining split-bench seats. There's also luxury carpeting along the lower half of the door trim panels, full-length door arm rests, assist straps, and power windows. Add to that seat-back map pockets and assist straps; an illuminated vanity mirror with variable light intensity; an electronic digital clock that gives the time, date or elapsed time; a trip odometer, and warning lights to signal low fuel and washer fluid levels. A luxury steering



Pinto Pony Wagon with optional whitewall tires

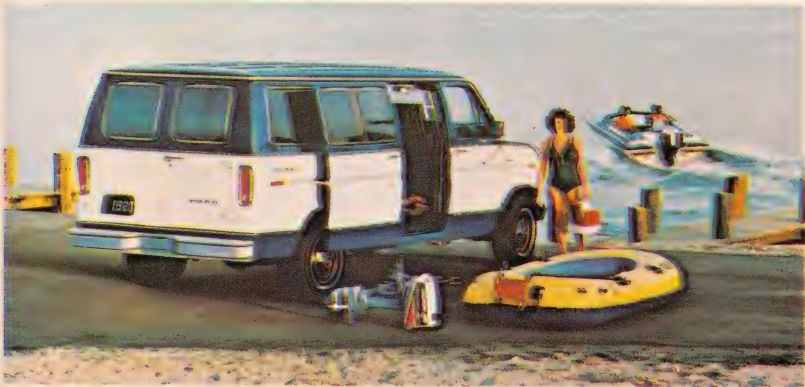
wheel and luxury-level sound insulation complete the package.

In its first two years on the motor-ing scene, Fairmont has established it-self as one of America's most popular wagons. And it's easy to see why. In addition to having the best fuel econo-my ratings and the highest cargo ca-

capacity of any mid-size wagon built in America, it also has one of the lowest sticker prices.

For 1980, Fairmont brings back for encore performance the 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine with DuraSpark Electronic Ignition as standard equip-ment along with a four-speed fully

Custom Club Wagon in Dark Silver Blue Metallic with Wimbledon White accent



synchronized floor-mounted manual transmission, precise rack-and-pinion steering, responsive front disc brakes, new P-metric radial tires and a one-hand quick release which makes it easy to fold down the second seat. Also standard on the Fairmont wagon are a "liftgate open" warning light, cargo-area light, color-keyed carpeting in the cargo area and all-vinyl low-back bucket seats.

Fairmont's top-of-the-line Squire option includes woodtone vinyl body-side and liftgate paneling, bright belt molding and window frames, a styled left-hand mirror and deluxe wheel covers.

Inside, Fairmont has standard bucket or full-width bench seats depending on the power team — bucket with the 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and bench with the 3.3-liter (200-CID) "I" Six or 4.2-liter (255-CID) V-8. A flight-bench seat tops the many optional choices.

Since its introduction in 1971, Pinto has been one of America's best-selling subcompact wagons. That's because it's great looking, seats four adults comfortably and is surprisingly easy to load. And thanks to Pinto's rack-and-pinion steering and its short 33.6-foot turning diameter, you can slip into and out of the tightest parking spaces with ease.

For 1980, Pinto offers an impressive lineup that includes the standard wagon and the Pinto Pony option, plus Squire, Cruising and Rallye options that offer new ways to dress up a bargain.

The sporty Cruising Package comes with or without a new multi-color paint/tape treatment with black liftgate louvers. The Rallye Pack includes a front spoiler, black luggage rack, black paint on the lower body-side and lower liftgate with tricolor border tape, plus special "Rallye" lettering on the lower bodyside.

In addition, both Cruising and Rallye options offer dual black sport mirrors, white-painted styled-steel wheels with trim rings, a sport steering wheel, instrumentation (tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauge) and more.

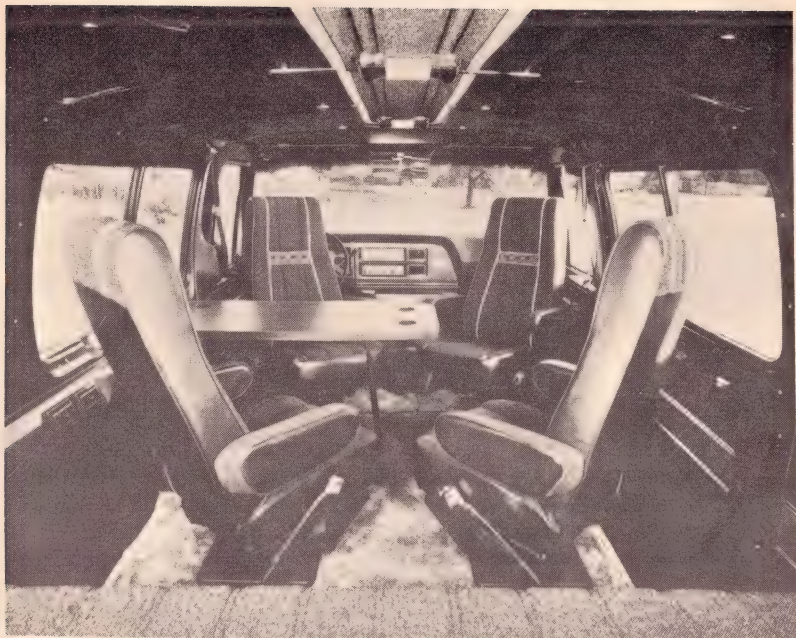
Pinto Squire features woodtone bodyside and liftgate paneling, bright grille and headlamp doors, low-back bucket seats, deluxe door trim and steering wheel, and a deluxe sound insulation package.

Ford's Club Wagons have cornered the market on space, boasting up to six inches more headroom than any of their competitors. And the engine and front axle are far forward for plenty of move-around room inside.

All Club Wagons feature solid body-on-frame construction and Ford's famous Twin-I-Beam independent front suspension. In addition, Club Wagons can pull up to 17,900 pounds with an optional Trailer-Towing Package.

Take your pick of three sizes to seat up to eight, 12 or 15 people.

Take your pick, too, of one of three ascending levels of Club Wagon trim — Standard, Custom and Chateau — available on all models. There's also



The Captain's Club interior features chairs that swivel and recline

the Captain's Club option with Chateau trim available on the 138-inch wheelbase wagon.

The Captain's Club Wagon features Privacy™ glass behind the front doors, the Deluxe Accent Combination Tu-Tone paint and bodyside accent tape stripe, plus all standard Chateau features such as bright mirrors and bumpers. Inside there are deep, comfortable Quad Captain's chairs that swivel and recline, a snack/game table with recessed beverage holder and a rear seat that converts into a bed.

Most of the Captain's Club options are available individually.

Ford wagons offer extensive standard and optional equipment and color and trim choices too numerous to list here. Why not stop by your local Ford dealer's for a closer look at the Ford wagon designed for you? □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Proving a Point at the Top of the World

by Gerald W. Odom



SEVEN CANADIAN JOURNALISTS recently went to the top of the world to prove a point about Ford trucks.

Early this year, the journalists arrived in Inuvik, Northwest Territories, in an unusual expedition that was designed to test the toughness of Ford F-Series pickups and the Bronco. That test took them 200 kilometers north of the Arctic Circle and became the first winter expedition by journalists over the newly opened Dempster Highway.

The Dempster Highway is the first land link between the south and the frontiers of the Arctic Ocean. It is a winding, sometimes narrow trail of gravel, mud, shale and volcanic rock.

The writers took three days to cover 1,300 kilometers (about 800 miles) of the highway from the starting point at Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, to the conclusion at Inuvik, Canada's most northerly settlement accessible by regular road.

The vehicles, prepared for arctic travel and painted in an orange, white and blue motif, were representative of the Ford light truck line: F-100 Style-side; F-250 four-wheel-drive; F-350 Supercab and the Bronco.

The trip provided every kind of terrain and driving condition, from valleys where the road is only 12 meters wide, through mountain passes in the Ogilvie Range as desolate as a snow-covered moon, to high plains with sparse tree cover. Temperatures at times fell to minus 40 degrees C. Snow, ice, deep ruts and flying rocks were common problems.

About the only thing not encountered was traffic.

Of that, one journalist, Dan Proudfoot of Toronto, said, "Traffic is a misleading word. It's not uncommon to drive the entire 800 kilometers from Dawson City to Inuvik and meet only a dozen vehicles, if that.

"Meeting big trucks that make up most of the traffic is more frightening than the road itself," says Proudfoot. "Most slow down because the road is narrow and easy to drive off."

But not all do, adds Proudfoot, and being passed by an 18-wheeler is not an experience to cherish on narrow, slippery roads which Proudfoot describes as Canada's version of the Great Wall of China.

Many of the journalists think the Great Wall would be safer. In addition to spare tires and fuel, the Ford truck expedition carried food rations and survival equipment. In such a remote and hostile environment, where a breakdown on the road can mean death in the arctic conditions, vehicle reliability is crucial. Individuals traveling the highway must register with local police at the beginning and end of the trip to reduce the risk of being stranded on the route.

"Ford trucks proved they were up to the job," said John Roberts, vice president, Public Affairs, Ford of Canada. "Except for a few cracked windshields from flying rocks, the trucks completed the expedition flawlessly.

"They never missed a beat the whole trip." □



First Love at Barnegat Bay

by Richard Conniff

MY FIRST SAILBOAT did not capsize every time I took her out. Once she dismasted. Another time she sank. And some days I brought her home unsullied and with her sails dry. But I remember her now as she spent most of that summer — happily turned turtle, with her centerboard waving in

the air and her mast tip buried resolutely in the mud of Barnegat Bay.

I was 16 then and loved the water, but that boat made me swim when I least wanted to. Late that Labor Day, for instance, she capsized five times in the only channel into Beaver Dam Creek, stacking up an armada of in-



illustrations by Miles Batt

coming Chris-Crafts. Another time, she flopped down before a fast speedboat. Luckily, it missed.

Was I just a lousy sailor? Or was it that wrong-minded boat? She was a flat, plywood predecessor of the Sailfish, low in the water but tall-masted and sloop-rigged. That is, she had a

jib as well as a mainsail — an unusual combination for a flatboat and one of her most appealing features, on land. She was otherwise plainly done out, with very little hardware and a simple blue-and-white paint job, slightly chipped. I'd bought her secondhand that June for \$125 from a 17-year-old

who sniggered once the cash was in his hands and the boat in mine. She did not have a name, and I never gave her one.

My parents had rented a house on the water for that summer, where Beaver Dam Creek meets Barnegat Bay in Metedeconk, New Jersey. It was to be my last summer without a job and a driver's license, but if my childhood was passing I did not realize it till later.

The new boat was hard on my teeth. There were no pulleys, cleats or travelers to secure lines from the mainsail and jib. My predecessor had evidently tied the jib directly back to the mast, regardless of wind direction. To get around this impractical arrangement, I used all my extremities: I sailed her with the tiller in one hand, the jib sheet in the other, and the mainsail sheet, bearing the full force of the wind, in my teeth. Usually, I hooked a big toe around the mainsheet to take some of the pressure off my incisors. With the other foot, I kept a hold on the boat itself. Changing course was obviously a chore with this arrangement, and a sudden shift in wind could give one buckteeth. The whole process was made even trickier

by the rudder, which was always floating off at a crucial point.

As if this were not enough, the boat was oversailed; there was just too much canvas and too little boat to hold it down. I did not realize this at first, because I knew almost nothing about sailboats. No one in my family had ever sailed. I seemed to have gotten the sum of my knowledge on the subject from Robert Louis Stevenson and *National Geographic*.

Still, I sailed that boat as I have sailed none since, hours at a time, two or three times a day, in almost all weather. I sailed alone, which is the best way, idly crisscrossing the Barnegat, studying the pattern of gusts on its surface or watching the centerboard cut the water below me. I never raced. I seldom talked to other boaters on the water. Indeed, for all I know now, I did not even think. I just sailed.

Waves continually washed the boat's deck and, of course, me. She had a habit of crossing under, rather than over, the wakes of other boats, especially late in the day when her hollow hull had soaked up several gallons of bay water. In a good wind, to stay dry, I would haul the mainsail in tight, burying one rail of the boat in the bay and hiking the other, on which I sat, well up out of the water. But this was always a delicate balancing act, pitting my 150 pounds against the gusts, the shifting bilge and the too-broad expanse of sail. I often lost. The moments before a boat goes over are hectic and noisy. The sails thrash; the





sailor scrambles for a hold on the sliding deck. But then, once the boat has committed itself, everything slows horribly down. I had time, like a pilot seeing his plane about to crash, to curse and to stare at my fate. Only then would that boat plunge me into the bay.

But my troubles were now just beginning. When an ordinary sailboat

capsizes, the sails float on the surface. The sailor swims to the other side of the boat, hauls down on the centerboard and brings the boat up again. My boat was different. She liked to roll over and play dead. Her mast tip would find bay bottom at six or seven feet, pinning the boat in place at the angle of a beach umbrella on a windy day. By the time I spat the mainsheet



out of my mouth and disentangled myself from the sails, the boat was fairly rooted in place.

The first time this happened, I paddled about pulling and cursing and punching the boat till my skin turned blue and my teeth chattered. Then, swallowing my pride, I flagged down a motorboat. I had a scheme — one that, like sailing in the first place, taxed my extremities. I stood on the centerboard and grabbed the rail of the boat with one hand. Around the other hand, I wrapped one end of the motorboat's tow rope. On signal, the motorist nudged his accelerator forward and, for a moment, nothing moved. Then, as my shoulders were about to pop, the boat slowly began to come up and I to go down. It was a long sail home, and the mast tip

pelted me with gobs of muck throughout.

The boat continued capsizing all summer, but that experience taught me to keep her from turning turtle, most of the time. Instead of dropping naturally forward into the sails as she began to go over, I would roll backwards, with one hand already on the centerboard, to haul her up again before she had quite gotten down. This did not always work. I sometimes dropped off too soon, leaving the boat to drift away by herself. And the time she keeled over before the runaway speedboat, I was off her and on the bottom myself even before the mast tip, which was pretty fast. I watched from below for the collision, but the runaway circled harmlessly past, leaving me to resurrect my proud craft.

To be honest, this was not all her fault. The dismasting was, in fact, the only lapse of that summer I can blame entirely on the boat. The mast step, being poorly secured, simply slipped out of place in a strong wind, dropping mast, rigging and me into the water. I swam the boat home that time, with the bow line clenched, of course, in my teeth. As for the other accidents, perhaps a better sailor could have avoided them. Like the time the boat sank. I had removed the turncock to drain the hull the night before. The boat was riding unusually low in the water by the time I realized I had not replaced it; I beached her 10 feet short of land.

She took such failings well. Anyway, she never punched me back. And for my part, I loved that boat even when she was turning turtle, when she was giving me buckteeth and blisters, when she stubbornly refused to come about and head for home during a sudden storm. She was difficult and capricious, but she was a sailboat and she was mine. I have loved other boats since, but none so ardently, perhaps blindly, as that first one. Then why did I sell her?

The last sail of that summer made up my mind for me. The cabin cruisers and speedboats had been churning up the bay all Labor Day weekend, making sailing difficult. But school was about to begin, ending my summer, and so I rigged the boat and launched her. Even before the sinking, the constant sailing had left her waterlogged and unresponsive to the

tiller. Now, in the wind and the chop of the motorboats, all her worst characteristics came out. She resisted when I tried to bring her about and, once, on the open bay, she capsized and turned turtle.

Tired and cold, I headed back to the creek. There, as we crossed the channel, she went over for the second time. I righted her and was about to climb aboard when she went over again.

Whether it was me, or the boat, or the choppy water, she went over three more times in that channel, backing up a line of fiberglass cabin cruisers a hundred yards long, their engines all rumbling in neutral.

Finally, I had to drop the sails and, for only the second time that summer, swim the boat to shore, where this time a small group of amused spectators had gathered.

I had a "for sale" ad in the newspaper within the week. I painted the boat a bit too richly and installed the hardware she had always needed. I drained her hull and dried her out, taking her as far from the water as possible. The first people to answer the ad loved her, of course; the sloop rigging caught their eye.

I think I probably sniggered when the cash was in my hands and my boat in theirs. This was a mistake. The next summer I was a short-order cook with no boat and no time for sailing, and the summer after that I had my first newspaper job, writing obituaries. I missed that boat then. I miss her even now. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



MOHICAN MANOR LOUDONVILLE, OHIO

Don't expect to just drop into this picturesque Victorian mansion for a quick lunch or dinner. Reservations must be made at least a week in advance at which time you also make your entree selection. (December reservations are generally sold out by October 1.) Built in 1851, the mansion was for a time used as an underground railway station during the Civil War. The house and all the outbuildings have now been restored to the original gracefulness by Eugene Smith and Richard Christen, the owners. The mansion is furnished with antiques and the carriage house features three antique shops. A tour of the grounds and house is included with the dining experience, if desired. The restaurant is at 105 North Mt.

Vernon Avenue (Ohio Route 39) at the corner of Main Street.

Napoleonus

Blend $4\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour with 1 pound butter with wire pie blender. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and mix lightly. Divide dough into 16 equal parts. Roll each piece into very thin sheet $13 \times 5\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{8}$ inch. Place on cookie sheets, prick surface with fork; bake at 400° about 20 minutes until lightly browned. Carefully remove and cool. Pour 35 ounces ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cans) sweetened condensed milk into top of double boiler over simmering water. Cook until milk becomes dark and fudgy, stirring frequently, about 3 hours. Add 2 lightly beaten eggs and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla; cook and stir 3 to 5 minutes. Carefully arrange 1 pastry sheet on tray. Spread with some of the sauce and continue with layers of pastry and sauce. Sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar and allow to cool at room temperature. Wrap in aluminum foil and press down with pastry board for several hours. Cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slices and serve with ice cream. Serves 10 to 12.

THE BUTTERY MANCHESTER, VERMONT

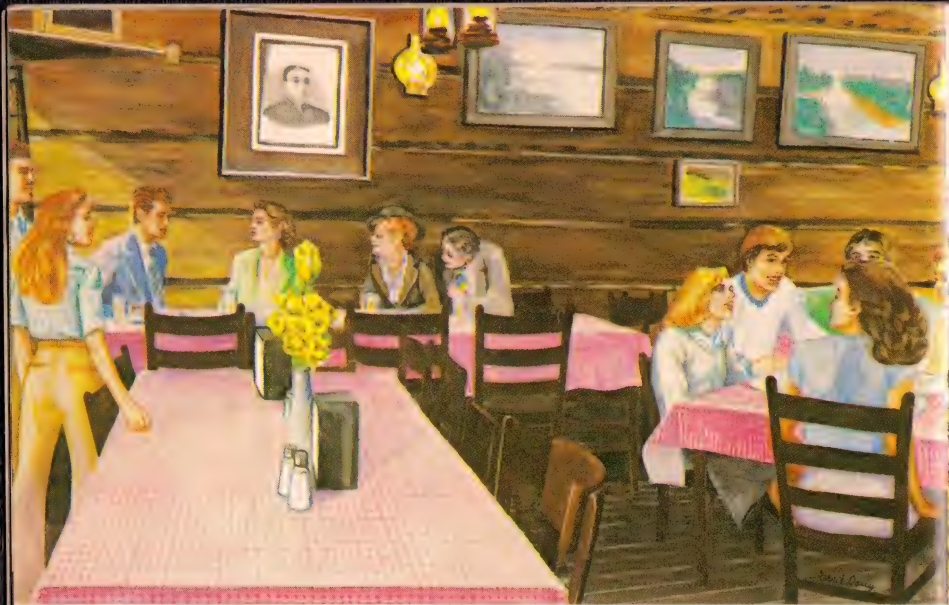
There's far more than food to be enjoyed in this unique establishment. It is near a quaint New England town in the heart of ski and golf country. The restaurant is perched on the balcony of the 19th-century barn with its three floors of shops — antiques, crafts, greenery cookware and foods. Patricia Nelson, the owner, specializes in elegant desserts. On U.S. Highway 7 halfway between Bennington and Rutland, it is open daily for lunch (except holidays) and for brunch on weekends by reservations.

Chocolate Angel Meringue Pie

- 2 egg whites

- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine granulated sugar
- 2 cups finely chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white corn syrup
- 1 tablespoon water
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup semisweet chocolate pieces
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup chilled canned sweetened condensed milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups heavy cream

Beat egg whites with salt to soft peaks. Gradually beat in sugar until stiff. Fold in nuts and spread in buttered 8-inch pie pan, building up sides to form crust rim. Bake in preheated 400° oven 12 minutes; cool. Bring corn syrup and water just to boiling. Stir in vanilla and chocolate until melted; cool. Reserve 2 tablespoons chocolate. Pour rest in bowl. Add milk and cream. Blend on low speed. Beat at medium speed until soft peaks form. Pour into shell, freeze until firm, then decorate with chocolate. Freeze until ready to serve.



THE LOG INN WARRENTON, INDIANA

"Good home cooking" is the reputation this officially recognized "oldest restaurant in Indiana" has gained over the years. It was built in 1851 as a stagecoach stop. The decor includes the original timbers and many antiques. Owner Eugene Elpers likes to remind guests of its history and of the stops made here by Abraham Lincoln. Dinner is served daily except Sunday and Monday. It is one mile east of U.S. Highway 41 on Old State Road, 12 miles north of Evansville.

Red Velvet Cake

Make paste of 2 tablespoons cocoa and 2 tablespoons red food coloring; set aside. Mix 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon vinegar; set aside. Cream 1 cup margarine with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar until light. Add 2 eggs and continue beating well. Add $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups

sifted flour and 1 teaspoon salt alternately with 1 cup buttermilk. Blend in cocoa mixture, vinegar mixture and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into 2 greased and floured 9-inch cake pans. Bake at 350° about 30 minutes. Cool, frost and garnish with shredded coconut.

Red Devil Frosting: Blend 1 cup milk with 3 tablespoons flour and dash of salt. Cook and stir until thick; cool. Beat 1 cup margarine and 1 cup sugar until fluffy. Beat in cooked mixture and 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat well.

Mixed Vegetable Casserole

Cook 20- to 24-ounce package mixed frozen vegetables and 1 box frozen green beans as directed on labels. Drain. Turn into buttered 6-cup casserole and mix with 1 can cream of mushroom soup. Top with $\frac{1}{2}$ pound diced Velveeta cheese and croutons. Pour on $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or margarine and bake at 350° about 30 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

CHINESE LANTERN DULUTH, MINNESOTA

"Good food and excellent service in a relaxing atmosphere" was the aim of Wing Y. Gee when he opened this fine restaurant in 1965. The steady stream of repeat customers is the best proof that his aim is being realized daily. Four years ago the place was enlarged to accommodate an elegant night club, the Brass Phoenix, featuring top-flight entertainment nightly. American and Chinese dishes are served in both dining rooms. The Chinese menu lists more than 100 selections. In the heart of the city at 402 West First Street, it is open daily for lunch and dinner by reservations. Banquet facilities are available to accommodate

up to 200 persons.

Green Pepper Steak

Timing in cooking is very important in this recipe and every ingredient should be ready in advance. Cut 8 ounces thinly sliced beef tenderloin or flank into 1-inch strips. Mix 1 tablespoon cornstarch with 2 tablespoons water. Cut 3 large green peppers into eighths, blanch in boiling water; drain. Cut 2 large tomatoes into 12 triangular pieces.

Heat 4 teaspoons peanut oil and $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt in wok or large skillet until very hot. Add beef and stir-fry about 1 minute or until browned. Add 1 tablespoon cooking wine, dash sugar, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup water, green peppers, tomatoes; cover, bring to boiling and cook about 1 minute. Stir in cornstarch mixture to thicken, stirring constantly. (If cooked too long, vegetables lose their crunchiness and become mushy.) Serve with cooked rice. Serves 2.

Gateway to Wilderness

This Montana man doesn't travel far
when he wants to return to nature

by William R. Moore

illustrations by Tom Berger

FASCINATED by the wild mystique of tiny Cedar Creek, I paused on South Fork Trail and watched the clear water rushing across granite boulders carpeted with lush, green moss. There's something priceless about pure mountain water. Some call it lifeblood of the land. And this water was special: an artery of nature babbling on as if pumped by some giant heart to join the South Fork of Lolo Creek, the main stream of this mountainous basin and the northern gateway to the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness, 1.2 million acres that sprawl across the Montana-Idaho border.

It was September and the huckleberry and maple shrubs were beginning to show their colors of fall. I had left my home in nearby Missoula to enter a wilderness visited by

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark nearly 200 years ago. Those great explorers journeyed from Montana's Bitterroot Valley along the Nez Perce Indian Trail only three miles north of this enchanting spot. As I was doing, they carried austere camp equipment and provisions with them.

Of that day, Captain Clark recorded: "Sent out the hunters to hunt in advance as usual. We proceeded on up the Creek on the right Side thro a narrow valie and good road for 7 miles . . . nothing killed this evening hills on The right side high and rugged, The mountains on the left high and Covered with snow."

Lewis and Clark were on a mission to claim territory and expand the then young nation to serve a restless, growing population. In contrast, my intent that mellow September day was to re-





TOM BERGER

discover wilderness and thereby escape temporarily from the massive society built by the American people since Lewis and Clark's ponies raised dust on the Nez Perce Trail.

Except for sections preserved for historical purposes, much of the Nez Perce Trail is now replaced by black-top U.S. Highway 12. Though the scenery is beautiful, it is not very wild along Highway 12 any more.

But I was headed up the South Fork, beyond those snow-covered peaks to Lewis and Clark's left. And up there the 1.2 million-acre Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness is designated by the Congress of the United States to remain forever wild so this generation and future generations can test them-

selves against nature's forces much as those early explorers did.

After drinking deeply of Cedar Creek's cold water I leaned into my 40-pound load and began the steep climb to skirt the South Fork's three-mile-long gorge. A Forest Service trail wended naturally through the pine- and fir-covered landscape, promising scenic surprises around each of its numerous bends. Spurred on by anticipation, I found it at first refreshing to pit my strength against the mountain. But soon desk-softened muscles cried out in protest. Halfway up I wished I had lightened my load by leaving camera, tripod and other items at home. Nonetheless, determination to see the wilderness prevailed

and 12 miles and seven hours later blue woodsmoke from my campfire drifted across the Big Snowslide Meadows.

Wilderness must mean different things to every person. To me it's a place like Big Snowslide Meadows where the South Fork, small but energetic there near its source, rumbles over boulders to serve some unknown destiny farther down. I listened carefully for sounds of life in the wilderness as twilight signaled the end of day and the beginning of mountain night. That's when the day creatures transfer stewardship to those whose eyes pierce the darkness. A grouse fluttered into a tree to roost. A red squirrel "chirred" peacefully, then entered his nest for the night. I heard the great horned owl's "whooo-whooo" as

he winged silently from his day perch. And high up on the slopes above the valley a bull elk's bugle challenged all comers as it had done for ages.

My wilderness is these sorts of natural things going on forever in an undisturbed environment. And when I study the evening fire's flames or explore the Selway-Bitterroot's little-known peaks and glades, I am part of it.

Early next morning I followed well-worn elk trails from my camp at the Meadows through deep spruce forests, then on toward timberline where the rock-studded landscape is thinly forested with fir, larch and white bark pine. It's approximately four scenic miles from the Big Snowslide Meadows to the South Fork's source at a small deep lake over-



TOM
BERGER

shadowed by 8,500-foot-high Bass Peak. Along the way alpine lakes nestled beneath massive granite amphitheaters mirror the delicate beauty of mountain heather, lichens and trees whose growth approximates an inch per year. Here all life, from the lowly lichen to the majestic elk, is beautiful and precious. Each life form depends for its perpetuation on several others and an eternity of coexistence has developed fine balance among the plant and animal communities.

While returning to camp from the high country I leaped from stone to stone to cross and recross the South Fork. That stream is the purest of water flowing through a land of granite. Though geologically its bed is all one kind of rock, each pebble beams a different hue and once as I stopped to drink, a hundred colors from glistening bits of mica bombarded my vision. From dull gray to sparkling white, those natural gems reflected through mirror-clear water their greens, browns, pinks, yellows and many combinations of all these.

Because exploring the upper South Fork is an exhausting experience, it's always good to get back to camp. I've often wondered what makes my camp such a satisfying place. After all, there isn't much to it — just a small lean-to shelter, a sleeping bag on a mattress of grass, a few sooty pots, austere food, a simple stone fireplace and a fire.

But like the pine squirrel's hollow tree, it is home in this wilderness. It's my sanctuary for the night, a place to

eat and rest in preparation for another day of spiritual and physical adventure. And I wonder if the bear when he makes his nest of dead grass or the elk bedding down for the day, or the grouse dusting in dry, rotted wood, feels the same snugness as I do when I leave the evening fire's waning light and crawl into that warm sleeping bag?

That's the way it is up the South Fork. A wilderness traveler can leave Big Snowslide Meadows, follow the trail across the crest of the Bitterroot Mountains and return to civilization through scenic Bass Creek or Kootenai Creek drainages. Or he can probe southward deeper into the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. That will take time, of course, for to traverse the trailless backbone of the Bitterroots is indeed slow going at best. Even Lewis and Clark didn't try that.

I left the wilderness by the same route I entered, down along the South Fork, past the throaty roar of Falls Creek and the remnants of cabins built years ago. No one knows who first saw this mountain-shaded valley. Perhaps it was some Nez Perce Indian or an early-day mountain trapper. Whoever it was must have had abundant physical energy and been drawn by the call of the wild. □

Editor's note: Readers interested in visiting this area may write to the Information Office, United States Forest Service, Northern Region Headquarters, Box 7669, Missoula, Montana 59807.



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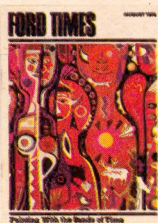
City _____ State _____ ZIP Code _____



The Brody Bunch

Steve Brody deserves an award for the article "Pete and His Pets" in the January, 1980, issue of *Ford Times*. I've shared the story with all my neighbors, and the issue is almost worn out from being read by so many people.

Mrs. Frank W. Crain
Ozark, Missouri



Do We Hear Seven?

I'm an avid Ford fan. I own Fords from six consecutive decades, starting with the 1930s. The cars are a 1930 Model A coupe, a 1941 Ford sedan, 1958, '59 and '60 Thunderbirds, a 1965 Mustang convertible, a 1976 Granada and a 1980 Thunderbird.

Bob Gobin, Jr.
Goffstown, New Hampshire

Still Learning About Indianapolis

Your April story, "A Capsule Biography of Indianapolis," is one I will keep for my grandchildren to read. I was pleasantly surprised to learn so many things I didn't know about my former hometown.

Mrs. Sylvan Morgan
Marion, Michigan

Faithful Reproduction

Your August, 1976, cover featured a brilliant Indian sand painting, which Mrs. Hall so admired that she reproduced it in 30-by-36-inch needlepoint.

William J. Hall
Woodland Hills, California

Cart Art

"Pace Car" decals identified the limited-edition version of the 1979 Mustang that paced the start of last year's Indianapolis 500. Our modified decals don't make our cart go any faster, but they cause a lot of customers to take a second look.

Jack Kreeb
Jack Kreeb Ford, Inc.
Dyersville, Iowa



Best fuel economy of any mid-size wagon.



Fairmont Squire Wagon

1980 Ford Fairmont.

Better mileage for 1980.

Fairmont wagon is the right idea for today. Its standard 2.3 liter, 4-cylinder engine has remarkable gas mileage for a wagon.

23

EPA
EST.
MPG

38

EPA
EST.
HWY.

322

EST.
RANGE

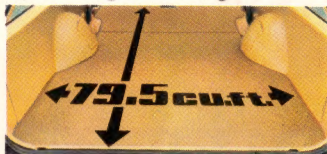
532

EST.
HWY.
RANGE

Compare this 4-cyl. estimated mpg to other wagons, excluding other Ford Motor Company wagons. Your mileage and range may differ, depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual mileage and range will probably be less than estimates. Calif. mileage lower. Range based on EPA mileage estimates and Fairmont's 14-gallon fuel tank.

No American-built mid-size has more cargo space.

Fairmont is trim on the outside, yet spacious inside. Based on the EPA index, there is 43 cu. ft. of cargo space with the rear seat up and five-passenger seating.



For even more room, fold down the rear seat for 79.5 cu. ft. and almost 7 feet of cargo space. That's versatility.

**The 1980 Ford Fairmont Wagon.
Room and mileage that are right for today.**

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